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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VI.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1877.

NUMBER 42.

"LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED."

BY MARY E. C. JOHNSON.

"Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid,"
These were the words the Master in loving kind
ness said;
For He knew that through all ages there should
come times of fear,
When men's strong hearts should fail them for
doubt that He was near.

"Let not your heart be troubled;" it is His divine
command,
Written in His holy word by His dear disciple's
hand;

For He knew through pain and toil those who
followed Him should come
To the many mansions which He had promised
for their home;
Those many glorious mansions, in His dear home
above,
Which He had built for those of earth who fol
lowed Him in love.

Do not let your heart be troubled; a messenger
divine
Has brought these words of comfort to help us
through all time;
Through all time of trial and danger, and through
all time of pain,
He left these words of blessing, He who never
speaks in vain.

"Let not your heart be troubled," oh, good
words of blessed cheer;
Oh good words of solemn incense to banish doubt
and fear;

In life's dark solemn midnight when you feel
yourself alone,
"Let not your heart be troubled" for the comfort
or will come,
Let not life's fear over come you, be not by death
dismayed,
"Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be
afraid."

TWO WORDS.

The sun's declining rays streamed
through the window, casting a rosy
hue over the statues and paintings in
the young artist's studio, and resting,
it seemed, with a sort of friendly pity,
upon the bowed form of the young
artist himself.

Guy Levere sighed heavily as he
raised his head and gazed at an unfin
ished portrait on the easel before him.
The last touches were to be put to the
drapery, and then he must give up
the picture, and take his \$100 for
painting it.

It was a girl's portrait. The soft
blue eyes looked smilingly out at him,
the brown hair rippled away from the
white forehead, the coral lips were
curled, with an expression of mirth
looking about them.

"And I must give it up—must give
it up!" exclaimed the artist, making
an impatient movement, as if he would
clasp the inanimate thing to his heart.

"Oh, Maud! Maud!" he whispered,
his grey eyes softening with unutter
able tenderness, "you do not dream
how much I love you. I believe you
love me in spite of my poverty. There
is something in your eyes as you look
at me—" He stooped abruptly and
turned the face from him. A smile
touched his lips, but it was not a
pleasant smile; it would have hurt you
had you seen it, it was so cold and bit
ter. He rose and walked to the win
dow, and looked gloomily into the
street. Guy Levere was intensely
unhappy at that moment.

"If there is any such thing as
love," thought he, "two young persons
could live on \$800 a year, but love,
bahi!" and yet his thoughts lingered
fondly over one who he liked to think
would endure even poverty for the
sake of love.

He noticed a familiar carriage roll
ing down the street. A small gloved
hand was waved at him from the car
riage window. He bowed and smiled.
The carriage stopped close to the
pavement, an elderly gentleman step
ped out and entered the studio.

"Ah, Levere, how are you progress
ing?" exclaimed the gentleman, with
drawing his glove, and pressing the
artist's proffered hand with a bow as
gracious as if it had been a millionaire
he was greeting.

"Pretty favorably," replied the artist.
"I rather expected it to be finished,"
said Judge Allan, fumbling somewhat
nervously in his pocket.

"Don't, I beg, Judge!" exclaimed
Guy, as the gentleman produced a
formidable looking pocket-book.

"Pshaw, here's your money; the por
trait is as good as finished. It's not
likely I'll call around again. I'll send
for it. And for fear you'll think I've
made a mistake, I may as well men
tion that there is \$150 in the roll.
Don't look blank, my good fellow; it
is not a copper too much. Let me

say it is the best thing of the kind I
ever saw. You are destined to make
your mark."

"Thank you, Judge, from my heart,
for your encouraging words, but, as I
agreed to paint the picture for \$100, I
positively refuse to take a cent more."
"Fudge! do you suppose I am mak
ing you a present of it? I consider
the portrait worth it."

Guy turned his pale, proud face to
ward the picture, and a yearning look
in his eyes said plainly that if he pos
sessed it thousands could not buy it.

"My dear Judge," said he, "I have no
doubt that you really consider the pic
ture worth that, or may be much more,
but I can but repeat what I said be
fore, \$100 and not a cent more."

The Judge bowed coldly, and a faint
flush crept up his face as he received
the returned bill, but in his heart of
hearts he liked him better for it.

Guy walked to the door with him.
Judge Allan coughed once or twice in
an undecided way.

"Levere," said he, "if you are going
round to Hart's this evening, I should
be glad to drive round the square and
have the pleasure of your company in
the carriage with us."

A gleam of light shot into his eyes.
"You are too kind," he exclaimed,
"I shall certainly be happy to accept
your offer."

Guy began to think that the world
had suddenly grown very bright. He
did not know that as the Judge sank
into the seat beside his daughter, he
exclaimed:

"Maud Allan, I am of your opinion;
he is one of nature's noblemen!"

Could he have heard the low mur
mured "Oh papa!" he would not have
thought his case so hopeless after all.

A gay and brilliant company was
assembled in Mr. Hart's dining-hall.
Passing round the sumptuous tables,
let us take our station at the farther
end of the room, where we will be
near a group of four.

"Miss Allan, Miss Brooks, let me fill
your glasses with this 'Sunshine'—Ah,
isn't it delightful?—perfectly deli
cious."

Let us look at this young man, as
he stands there holding the wine flask
in his hand. He has a broad, white
forehead, and an intellectual face.

"He holds in his hand the seed of
death," said a gentleman opposite,
who formed one of the group of four.
This remark, though intended for
Miss Allan's ear alone, was heard by
the gentleman to whom he alluded.

He raised his eyes and looked across
the table. Then slowly raising his
glass he said, with a chilling bow, and
a covert sneer:

"I drink to the health of Guy Le
vere, the artist."

All eyes were directed toward Guy,
for it was Roland Cameron who had
spoken—Roland Cameron the million
aire's son. Guy looked at him quiet
ly, but made no motion toward filling
his own glass.

Every one at the table became sud
denly silent some looking in pity at
Guy, for they thought him very igno
rant and ill-bred. The young heir of
a million dollars coolly filled his glass
again, and raising his voice a trifle,
repeated what he had said.

"I drink to the health of Guy Le
vere the artist."

Guy looked straight into his eyes,
and said distinctly:

"I do not accept Mr. Cameron's
toast."

A great many smiled at this, and a
few looked blank with surprise.
Roland Cameron's eyes dropped un
steadily before Guy Levere's gaze.

"And why not, may I ask?" said he
politely.

"Drink to my health a glass of this,"
said Guy, pouring some water from a
pitcher, "and I will immediately re
spond."

"Your health, Miss Brooks," said
Mr. Cameron, turning away, but his
face was flushed, and his hand a trifle
unsteady, and as he drank glass after
glass of "Sunshine," he began to be
almost boisterous. He soon forgot the
fancied insult he had received
from Guy, and pressed him to take
but a single glass of wine.

"Come, Levere, do not be selfish. I
really think a glass of wine will do
you good," he urged.

But Guy would not yield.

Young Cameron at last appealed to
the ladies.

"Ladies, help me! He cannot re
fuse you; that would not be polite.
Levere, if these ladies ask you to
drink just one glass, you won't refuse?"

The artist turned his eyes toward
Maud Allan's face; something there
reassured him.

"If both the ladies unite in asking
me to break a pledge—I do not say
what will be the consequence," he said,
with a half smile.

"Good!" exclaimed Roland.

"Mr. Levere," said Miss Brooks, "I
really don't think that one glass can
possibly do any harm. You surely
cannot refuse your friend?"

"But is he his friend?" asked Maud,
earnestly.

Ah, reader, if you are a woman, nev
er say a thing like that to any man;
for who can tell if he may not be
nightly tempted, from love of it, to
take a single glass? Tempt no one,
lest, in the last great day, the lost
soul of a drunkard may be required at
your hands.

Guy Levere wavered.

"Tis true," he said, "it is a little
thing; yet I liked the taste of wine
once, and one glass might—but I am
not that weak! Miss Brooks, do you
really wish me to drink a glass of
wine?"

"Mr. Levere, it would give great
satisfaction to your friend, Mr. Cam
eron, and, beside, we have all made
ourselves a little conspicuous, and a
great many have been laughing at
you."

Roland filled the glass and handed
it to him; Guy took it and raised it
slowly to his lips, when Maud, forget
ting the eyes that watched her, laid
her trembling white hand on his arm.

"Stand firm!" she said in a low
tone.

He turned towards her, the love of
a life time looking out of his eyes.

He set the glass down.

"God bless you," he murmured—
"with His help and yours, I will stand
firm."

On a lovely day in June I took a
stroll up Fifth avenue. Ten years
had elapsed since I bade farewell to
my friend, Guy Levere, before my de
parture for Europe.

I turned my eyes upon the door
plate of a handsome brown-stone man
sion. I started slightly as I read on
it the name, "Guy Levere." I mount
ed the marble steps, opened the door,
and entered unannounced. I followed
the sound of voices across the hall, and
entered unobserved. A gentleman
and lady were standing before a land
scape painting.

"What do you think of it, Mrs. Le
vere?" asked my friend Guy.

"It is your best success," replied the
lady.

As they turned toward me I recog
nized in the lady the person who, in a
moment of sore temptation, had spok
en two words to Guy—"stand firm."
A day or two later I went in search
of Roland Cameron. A gentleman of
whom I inquired shook his head and
sadly said:

"He is the most perfect sot of whom
I have any knowledge. He is never
seen in good society. You cannot
mention his name without moving a
sigh or a sneer. He married a lovely
girl, a Miss Brooks, but she died of a
broken heart five years ago. If it
were not for his father, he would be
a pauper. There he comes down the
street now."

Roland Cameron was riding a beau
tiful bay trotter, whose feet scarcely
seemed to touch the ground, so swift
was its pace; and I shuddered to see
the reckless rider reel in his saddle.

The horse took fright at some object
in the street, and in another instant
Roland Cameron was lying lifeless at
our very feet. We bent over the
wretched man. He was dead. The
sharp edge of a stone had been forced
through his temple. He never moved
afterward.

My dear reader, can you reflect
without horror upon a death like this?
As I gazed upon the haggard face,
bearing too strongly the marks of awful
dissipation, my blood seemed pouring

in ice-cold streams through my veins,
and from my soul went up this voice
less prayer:

"Father, ere I tempt a fellow crea
ture to taste a drop of the accursed
poison, let me die, let me no longer
see the sweet light of day!"

My reader, if you are in the least
addicted to social drinking, let me en
treat you to abandon it at once.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is
raging, and whosoever is deceived
thereby is not wise."

In the hour of temptation stand firm.

GIVING HIM A NEW SKIN.

[From the Auburn Advertiser.]

A boy named Frank Hanafin, who
had been injured in a saw-mill the
other day, was supplied with a new
skin by taking pieces from the arms
of eight or nine other boys. In the
accident a very large wound was made
on the back, the surface being ope
nass of red, quivering flesh, though
healthy in appearance. The wound,
of course, was very sensitive, and the
operation must have been quite pain
ful to him. The *Advertiser* says that
Mrs. Picot and Maynard and an assist
ant performed the operation. Around
the bed were gathered six or eight
Irish boys, from eight to fifteen years
of age, from whose arms had been tak
en, or was to be taken, the skin need
ed to replace that which was lost. As
each was called on by the doctor, he
came forward, and baring his arm a
small piece of skin was skilfully cut
out with the lancet and gently placed
upon the raw flesh. About thirty
pieces in all were so put on. Several
of the boys gave up more than
one piece, and Folger Picot, the doc
tor's son, contributed eight pieces. A
younger brother of Hanafin's gave
nearly as many. While the operation
was going on the boys joked among
themselves on helping to make up
Hanafin, and bantered each other on
the number of times they submitted
to be cut for the benefit of their play
mate. The boys were generally very
willing to give the skin required, but
after a while they evidently began to
think that enough was as good as a
feast and moved out doors, watching
further operations through the win
dow. It is thought, however, that
enough will consent to give skin, so
that Hanafin's wound will be entirely
covered over, thus hastening his re
covery and adding to his comfort
when the wound shall have healed.

GOOD MANNERS.

The essence of good manners is a
kind thoughtfulness of others. A man
who goes to his room in a hotel stamp
ing and talking through the corridor,
slamming his door and flinging his
boots down heavily upon the floor is
merely brutally selfish. He is aware
that he owes duties to other people
who will be affected by his conduct.
He does not think that he rudely
awakens some one to whom sleep is
indispensable, and whom he has no
right to disturb. Haydon's picture
of the man in the chop house, waiting
for the *Times*, which his neighbor
has held for an hour, and is evidently
bent upon holding it until he has read
all the advertisements, is an illustra
tion of this common selfishness. The
talk and conduct in the cars are gen
erally signs of vanity or a morbid self
consciousness. A well-bred man keeps
his toothaches and his headaches to
himself, and does not assume that
strangers are interested in his diges
tion. A well-bred woman keeps her
children quiet, and does not assume
that all her fellow travelers must
share her fondness for them. If Mrs.
P., with her vivid sense of Mr. P.'s
peculiarities and of her fine equipage,
could only once know how supremely
unimportant any individual is, how
well the world fared before Mr. P. ar
rived, and how unshocked the universe
would be by his departure, she would
be a modest and well-mannered wo
man. That knowledge, indeed, would
be a very general corrective of man
ners. A certain kind of personal con
ceit often accompanies undeniable su
periority. There are men, like Lord
Chatham, who like to have their going
and coming regarded as events, to

move with a pompous bustle, and to
be constantly recognized as great men;
but if they could only know it, that
very taste is constantly accounted to
them for weakness and their influence
is just so far lessened.

AN ANECDOTE OF BEN FRANKLIN.

In 1723 or 1724, when Franklin was
new in Philadelphia, he found employ
ment at his trade—of printer—with a
man by the name of Kelmer. Mr. Kel
mer was a well-meaning man, but given
to be visionary and unstable, and very
apt to leave the minor affairs of his
business at loose ends. Especially in
the matter of proof reading was he
careless, and Franklin, whose habits
of care in those little things led him
to worry over his master's dereliction,
sought to correct him in this re
spect. He urged upon him the neces
sity of accuracy in all departments of
his profession. There could be no
such thing as being too careful.

"Pooh! pooh!" cried Kelmer. "I
never make any great mistakes. Little
typographical errors now and then are
expected."

"But," said Franklin, "what you may
be pleased to term a very slight typo
graphical error, might make a most ri
diculous exposure."

"Oh, never fear."

Not very long after that, Franklin
thought he would give his master a
practical demonstration. A primer,
then recently published in New Eng
land, was being reprinted in the office.
A paraphrase in verse of the fifteenth
chapter of Corinthians had been set up
and in looking over the form before he
struck off a proof-sheet for his master
to read, found the following verse:

"When the last trumpet soundeth,
We shall not all die;
But we shall be changed
In the twinkling of an eye."

Under the impulse of the moment he
took a bodkin and pulled out the letter
c, and spaced out the line. Then he
struck off the proof and carried it to
Mr. Kelmer to read, and went home
to his supper. Whether Franklin
thought of the matter again or not I
do not know; but when the primer
was published there was a verse in it
reading like this:

"When the last trumpet soundeth,
We shall not all die;
But we shall be changed
In the twinkling of an eye."

Shortly after Mr. Kelmer was seen
tearing away among the old proof
sheets, to see if the trick had not been
played after the proof had been read;
but he found the error at the start,
and was forced to admit that he had
carelessly overlooked it.

A GOOD MAN.

A middle-aged woman has called at
the Post-office two or three times dai
ly for the past week, to see if there
was any mail to her address. Her
anxiety finally became so great that
she explained that she was expecting
money from her husband, who was on
his annual vacation. Yesterday morn
ing she was made glad by receiving a
postal card from him. She retired to
one of the windows and read aloud to
herself:

"Dear Wife—I'd send you \$20 with
this, but you see I'd have to pin it on
and some one might take it off, put a
counterfeit in its place, and when I
got home you'd be in jail."

She read it over again, and there
were tears in her eyes as she mused:

"He's the best man on earth. Few
husbands would have been as thought
ful as that. I don't know good money
from bad, and but for his thoughtfulness
I might pass this very night in
jail. I see now what a narrow escape
I've had, and I'll take the children and go
and board with my brother-in-law
for the next two weeks."

"Make me a nice, easy coat,"
said a noted pulpit orator of Chicago
to his tailor, one day lately; "one that's
loose and roomy enough for me to
stretch up in and grow eloquent over,
you know."

"Yes, I understand," said the tailor,
with a twinkle in his eye; "you want
me to make you one *gesture* size."

"That's it, exactly," exclaimed the
divine, as he laughed at the tailor's
merry pun; "one that I can just swing
myself in."—*Chicago Evening Journal*.

FISHING FOR BASS.

Our streams and lakes here are fur
nished with bass. A chapter on bass
fishing will be interesting to readers.
Genio C. Scott in the *Spirit of the
Times* says: The bass is a hardy fish.
Only introduce a single family into a
stream or lake, and it will at once
commence to take control, and thrive
and increase against myriads of perch
and pickerel. All it takes is a water
well stocked with chubs, shiners and
other minnows, and it will fatten on
them, besides overturning the stones
in the margin of the water it inhabits
for crawfish and algomites, and glean
ing the surface of flies and bugs. It
is a most industrious, spirited fish. Its
play when hooked by the angler is
more vigorous than that of any other
game fish of its size, not excepting the
brook trout. Of course, therefore, it
has become a great favorite with the
angler, though difficult for a novice to
capture. In rivers its habitat is in
deep waters, near rocky shores of led
ges of rock, from whence it forages on
the reefs, and in the stream near the
vegetable bottom, or where tussocks
form a convenient shade and hiding
place.

A three year old bass usually weighs
from two and a half to three pounds,
and a yearling about three-eighths of
a pound. The yearling is not as dark
colored as the adult fish, but is equally
as gamey.

All along the shores in the Delaware
river are to be seen shoals of young
black bass, holding all other fry in
terror. Every now and then may be
seen a young one rushing into a shoal
of minnows as large as itself and scatter
ing them in all directions, some
leaping out of the water to get away
from the little monster. The raws of
all its fins but the front dorsal are soft,
and the only difference perceptible be
tween a baby bass and its parents, is
the dark end of the caudal, the short
ness of the spiked rays of the dorsal,
and being longer in proportion to its
weight. Like the snapper or young
blue-fish of the Atlantic shores, it as
sumes shape, circumstances and power
immediately upon leaving the egg.

The favorite bait for bass is algomite
bogart or nipper, and is known by dif
ferent names in different localities, and
is found under stones, along the
shores of all water inhabited by black
bass. The stones under which it is
found are always partially submerged,
and it is stated that black bass on ev
ery rising of the waters, turn up the
stones with their noses in searching
for algomites and crawfish two favor
ite baits, but the algomite is the best.

Baits for black bass are numerous,
and among the best for all bass, ex
cept the largest ones, are the grasshop
per, the black cricket and beetle. The
most attractive flies for the black bass
should imitate the yellow and neutral
tint of the grasshopper.

The algomite is as tough as India
rubber, and the hook should therefore
impale it so that the end of the tail
will not cover the point of the hook
and thus prevent hooking the bass
when it bites. The best way to bait is
to insert the point of the hook oppo
site the lower of the three pair of legs
on the under side of the bait, and run
it under the skin to the tail.

The nipper, as it is called by some,
is armed with a small pair of nippers,
instead of mouth, with which it gen
erally nips the angler while baiting, but
not so as to hurt. It is black as jet
oil over, and a most attractive bait for
all fresh water fishes.

To still bait from a boat on the riv
er, select a place for anchoring your
boat, either a short distance above or
below a rapid, or off from a rocky
shore. Let it be in a current strong
enough to carry your bait some 30 or
40 feet away from the boat. In Sum
mer and until the middle of Septem
ber, bait with algomite, crawfish,
grasshopper, cricket or beetle. In
September, and till the end of the sea
son, late in October, bait with minnow
on a single hook, merely inserting the
hook through both jaws, and let the
bait play naturally. Use no sinker on
the line in any case, as the swivel is
generally enough; but if not, put a
split shot on the lead-line a foot above
the bait. Never permit slack line, or
you cannot feel a bite. As soon as
the bass feels the hook, he will either
leap out of the water or try to overrun,
and gain slack line. Do not play the
fish with a too hard draw on the line,
but keep reeling up gently, never mind
his acrobatic movements, leaps and
somersaults above the water,

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Contributions, communications, and letters to the Editor should be sent to the Editor, Deaf-Mutes' Journal, 107 Madison St., New York.

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The Remizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to those of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column, which items we will send to The Remizer.

They have over 400 pupils at the Illinois Institution.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Jacob E. Tuttle, of Peconic, Ill., for two chronos.

Several marriages, a lot of them in fact, are reported among pupils during the vacation.

If you visit the Minnesota Institution, be sure to go on a Friday between 9 and 12 o'clock A. M.

Very few pupils are reported arriving at the Kansas Institution; but there is no lack of visitors.

Mrs. Dr. Gillett, of the Illinois Institution recently lost her father. He died at an advanced age.

Mary L. Sween, a graduate of the Ohio Institution, has been appointed teacher in the Louisiana Institution.

A pupil of the Nebraska Institution was killed on the railroad last summer, while on his way home from school.

This little *Copier* seemed to grow as it has. Over two hundred paying subscribers helped it along last year.

A deaf-mute in Murphyboro, Ill., keeps a barbershop, and does up hair and shaves with neatness and dispatch.

The readings of the Michigan reading club have not commenced yet, and nobody seems bold enough to tell the tale.

This Christian Union speaking of the Michigan blind indignantly asks: "ought they to be housed with the deaf and dumb?"

The parties and Sunday School excursions make the times lively for the visitor's attendant at the Michigan Institution.

The Murphy Temperance movement has obtained a long list of signatures from officers and pupils of the Kansas Institution.

Mrs. John W. Struble and others have petitioned the Board of Education of Toledo, Ohio, to establish a day school for deaf-mutes.

The Seward of the Colorado Institution has a ranch about thirty miles from the school. It is a delightful place in the mountains.

Prof. Hubbard has charge of the most advanced class at the Michigan Institution this year. The class is an unusually fine one.

A Mr. Norris, a graduate of the Manchester, England, Institution, resides in Chicago, following the vocation of stone cutter and carver.

The *Amoy* hints that its waste paper basket is the miniature of communications from pupils that do not come via their teachers.

The father of a pupil in the Nebraska Institution, while driving through a thunder storm was killed by lightning. His team was also killed.

Soon after their wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, of Jackson, started for Chicago and the west to spend some weeks with friends and relatives.

A deaf-mute named Herr, of Louisville, Ky., aged 15, has gone to take a six years' course at the National Deaf-Mute College, Washington, D. C.

Miss Thompson of Peninsula, Ohio, sister of Mrs. Hale, mother of the Minnesota Institution, has been visiting friends and relatives in Cleveland.

Turner engine in the gas-house of the Kansas Institution, took fire almost of the hand of a pupil of the Superintendent while he was trying to stop it.

The Nebraska Institution leaving a short appropriation, is studying economy from the baby that, in order to make both ends meet, puts its toes in its mouth.

Principal Kinney, of the Nebraska Institution, took a delightful trip through Colorado, during his vacation, visiting the institution for the deaf at Colorado Springs.

HAZARD: A deaf-mute lecturer is missing from Monroe, Michigan. He is twenty four years of age and was last heard of at Richmond, Indiana, in May last.

Mark M. Powers is deaf-mute who owns eighty acres of good land four miles from Harville, Ill., and all he needs is a good wife. This isn't an advertisement.

A wagon maker out west had a deaf-mute domestic in his family, and, smelling her one day, he came near being lynched by the indignant neighbors.

They have a bowling alley 94 feet long at the Minnesota Institution. Nice thing! and Superintendent Bowles of the Kansas Institution ought to get one too.

The Minnesota Institution has got 378 bushels of excellent wheat from 11 1/2 acres, and calculates to live on the flour for the next six months. Here is economy for you.

Local Paragraphs.

Mr. William Penfield lost a valuable horse by colic last Sunday.

The Stone Quarry Sunday school has adjourned for this season.

Mrs. Judge Whitney, of Oswego, is visiting friends in this village and town.

Messrs. Carpenter and Consene, of this village, have taken the job of frescoing the Holmesville church.

Our merchants are stocking their stores with new goods, and their cash drawers and ledgers with the pay for them.

Miss Adelle Miller, of Syracuse University, came home on a short visit last Friday and stayed till Monday morning.

Mrs. Simon Teller is still very feeble, but is thought to be a little better, and she is slightly improving in her appetite.

The church at North Mexico is undergoing internal improvements of various kinds, some of which are repainting and papering.

Chestnuts are being sold for two dollars a bushel, which would seem to indicate a large crop of chestnuts or a small crop of money.

Dr. G. A. Dayton has been spending several days in town lately among friends, and was in attendance at the Democratic convention last Tuesday.

A man named Adams, said to be from Oswego, displayed his ability as a walkist, by measuring two miles on the road in this village, on Tuesday last, in sixteen minutes.

Mrs. Josiah Averill, of this village, has been sick with inflammatory rheumatism for nearly two years, and has, during a large portion of the time, been nearly helpless.

The "cheap jewelry" and "give you back your money" dodge was successfully played in this village one day last week. Of course none of the sold, or rather given away, victims live in this village.

Rev. J. Q. Adams, pastor of the Presbyterian society of this village, gives a series of Bible readings which are very interesting and instructive, instead of regular sermons, at 7:30 every Sunday evening.

The Ladies' Aid Society, connected with the Presbyterian society of this village, met yesterday at the house of Mrs. Dr. A. White in Parish.

George Kenyon drove over with a four-horse load of passengers.

A. N. Benedict left home last Monday morning, as a delegate from Mexico Tent (No 85) of Rechabites to the National Tent, of the State of New York, which held forth on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week at Union Springs.

He was a native-born Yankee, but one night he ate two yards of eight-inch bologna, and the next morning he was a broken-jawed double and twisted German, and had to get naturalized before they would let him vote for a school district trustee.

Joshua Walton, of South Mexico, raised 175 bushels of very nice winter wheat this year on seven acres of land, which (the wheat) was of so fine quality that he sold 100 bushels of it for seed. He does not boast of the quantity, still the amount may be called a good crop.

C. F. Teller, and J. Becker are having some nice paving laid. Mr. Becker is having his Cayuga stone walk laid and stone fence built. The Editor of the JOURNAL is also having paving done, and a walk laid in his front yard and on the street, both of Cayuga stone.

The Oswego County Democratic Convention was held in this village on Tuesday, the 16th inst. Col. Wardwell Robinson, of Oswego, received the nomination for County Judge, Charles Avery, of Phoenix, was nominated for Surrogate, and Andrew Coey, of Redfield, for Justice of Sessions.

All three of T. W. Skinner's children, and a girl living with the family, are sick with scarlet fever. With the exception of Grace, who has been very sick, the attacks were not of the severest type. We are pleased to hear that they are now all doing very well and it is thought they will be well again in a few days.

About 100 friends of Rev. and Mrs. J. Q. Adams made them a surprise call at the Presbyterian parsonage last Monday evening. The evening was spent in a very happy manner, and some presents were left in the line of eatables, which are very opportune as Mr. and Mrs. Adams have just commenced house-keeping.

Last Saturday evening "Sime" Pearson was arrested in this village on an order by telegraph from Fulton, to answer to the charge of stealing Dr. Pardee's horse and buggy. An officer from that place arrived soon after, and "Sime" was taken back to Fulton to explain how he came in possession of the Dr.'s horse and buggy.

Rev. W. F. Hemenway being detained at home last Sunday on account of sickness, Messrs. G. A. Wood and L. B. Cobb, of the Oswego District Prayer Meeting Association, took charge of the services at the M. E. Church both morning. In the morning Mr. Wood made a prayer, and delivered a short but interesting discourse, and Mr. Cobb made some remarks, of an interesting character, after which a short time was occupied as a "speaking meeting." In the evening a general prayer-meeting was held. Both services were quite interesting.

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To my Friends in Martha's Vineyard.

You cannot judge of my great disappointment at my inability to go to your well-known island at my appointed time, on account of the great storm which was very severe all along the coast. You will recollect that we had a great gale between New Bedford and the island last October, which came very near upsetting us. Perhaps we should have found a watery grave but for the skill of our captain, who ordered his boat to be put back to New Bedford to our dissatisfaction. I hope to be able to go to your island some day next month.

Yours truly,
 JON TURNER.

Fall River, Mass., Oct. 16, 1877.

THE KANSAS INSTITUTION—BASE BALL CLUB ORGANIZED FOR THE SEASON.

The pitcher for the summer of 1877 has been practicing for several weeks outside the city limits, and, though not feeling well, can throw a regulation ball with such swiftness that it cannot be seen unless covered with phosphorus; and often the friction occasioned by its passage through the air causes a heat so great as to burn the ball to ashes before it reaches the catcher, who only finds a mass of cinders in his hand. The assistant or reserve pitcher has been practicing but a few weeks, but he can throw a ball through eighteen inches of oak plank now; and, if he keeps on, the man on deck will be compelled to cense his stomach, or suffer the consequences.

The catcher has been for weeks past engaged in breaking up pig-iron in the rolling mills, and to toughen his hands he allowed the big twenty-ton trip-hammer to drop on them two hours each day; they are now about the size of a wind-mill, and if a ball gets by them it will be by traversing the atmosphere of an adjoining county. The reader can gamble on this.

The first baseman is trying the dict system, to steady his nerves, and can let a government mule kick him in the abdomen without winking. He will never move his foot from a sand bag unless in the line of his duty, and a runner for the first base may light on him like a night hawk on a June bug without making him swerve a hair.

The second baseman has developed himself more especially for miscellaneous and active service. He can stand on his head, catch a ball with his feet, reverse his position, and knock a grape-hopper off from a mullen stalk at eight rods, nine times out of ten. There will be no use in a runner trying to dodge him, for he has globe sights on his nose, and can plump a man in the bull or rigging as he chooses.

The short stop is probably the best man for this position that can be found this side of the Stuez Canal. He is short himself, and has lived on pie crust all winter; can turn thirteen somersaults without spitting on his hands, and catch a ball with equal facility in either hand or his teeth.

The third baseman has been making a run and riding a velocipede all winter, to develop the muscles of his lower limbs, which are immense, and give him the appearance of being troubled with elephantiasis. But don't fool yourself; he can run down a giraffe in three minutes, and bat a ball so far that his opponents never think of chasing it

Correspondence.

Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.

PROF. JOB TURNER EXPLAINS HIS PLATFORM.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I have read with sorrow, communications published in your paper reflecting upon myself.

I would have no my friends to believe, that I am not controlled by any but the best motives in the work I endeavor to perform to the glory of "our Lord and Master."

Nothing is more remote from my wish than to disturb the harmony of the deaf-mute society of any place. It pains me to contemplate that any should think that I, a feeble servant, am vain-glorious. I am conscious that in me there is nothing to boast of. "I pray that blessings may attend, and good results may be achieved by all the laborers in 'our Master's vineyard.'" I earnestly trust that all who may think of me in connection with the missionary work, will do so with charity, and not turn to bad account the unbounded kindness shown me during my visits to various places, for which I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude. I am sure that the Lord will abundantly bless them, who have not been forgetful to minister unto "one of the least" of the brethren.

I am sorry that my friend at Dixmont should have reason to complain about the manner in which notices were given for the holding of religious services in Maine. I am anxious to do all the good in my power; and suggestions, as to how the work can be most effectively performed, will always be most gratefully received. I most assuredly need the co-operation of friends.

In a spirit of good will to all, especially to those who differ with me, I would say, I am always happiest when I can do anything to promote the welfare of my fellow deaf-mute friends, and will perform any reasonable service to preserve harmony between all deaf-mutes.

My prayers are for unity and concord among "the brethren."

Yours sincerely,

JOB TURNER.

A WORCESTER LETTER.

WORCESTER, MASS., Oct. 13, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Mr. Geo. B. Keniston, of Everett, Mass., came to this city, Saturday night, the 6th inst., to preach to us on Sunday forenoon. In the evening, we had a pleasant prayer-meeting. Mr. Keniston gave an account of the death of Mrs. Harriet J. Tallmadge, a deaf-mute lady who belonged in Lowell, Mass. She died of quick consumption, Friday night, September 28th, at her father's residence in Lowell. She had been sick for several months, and took a cold which at last terminated in consumption. Sometime in June, Mr. Keniston went to Lowell to preach to the deaf-mutes there, and learned that Mrs. Tallmadge was sick with consumption at her father's. He went to see her, and she seemed pleased to see him. He asked her several questions about God, and her answers seemed satisfactory. Sunday, Sept. 23d, he went to Lowell again to conduct religious services before the Lowell mutes, and he was told that Mrs. Tallmadge was failing rapidly, and that she was not expected to live long. He asked the mutes to go with him to her father's residence, thinking it might please her to see them. When they called to see her, he told her about the word of God, and encouraged her. She seemed glad to hear the word of God. They did not stay long for fear of disturbing her. Mrs. Tallmadge's name was some before her marriage, and her husband's name is Henry L. Tallmadge, of New Canaan, Conn. They lived in Bridgeport, Conn., for a number of years; and when she was taken sick, she went to her father's to stay. She was a great sufferer during her entire sickness. During her residence in Bridgeport, she became a member of the Episcopal church. She went to the Hartford Asylum in 1859, and was a scholar there six years. Her husband was at school at Hartford from 1856 to 1862.

Last week we were pleased to hear from our former member, Miss Abbie L. Chaffin, and to learn that she arrived at Chicago safe and sound. She is enjoying herself very much, and likes Chicago better than Worcester. I hope her long distance from us, will not cause her to forget us. When there are deaf-mute meetings, we hope she will be a faithful attendant.

On the 6th inst., Mrs. Elizabeth Holmes, wife of the president of the deaf-mute society in this city, after six months' absence went home to East Boston from Derby, Conn., with her little boy and her sister, Mrs. Harriet Wheeler. Mrs. Wheeler's husband formerly taught school for deaf-mutes at Hartford. He died of consumption, in November, 1863. Mr. Holmes was very glad to meet his folks again in Boston.

Mrs. D. B. Howe of this city went to the Union depot here in the afternoon to see Mr. Holmes with her little boy and Mrs. Wheeler in the cars. Mrs. D. B. Howe contemplates going out of town soon to visit her friends in Boston, and at Nashua, N. H., to spend a few days. It is hoped that it will do her good, and that she will return in improved health.

Wednesday evening, the 10th inst., at the deaf-mute hall in Gorham's Block, Mr. D. B. Howe, of this city, gave a lecture on an "intelligent kitchen" though there was rather a small attendance in the hall, his lecture was very good, I presume.

Worcester is considered one of the

handsomest places in Massachusetts, and is in a flourishing condition. I think the city worth visiting. It has a population of about fifty-two thousand, and has many splendid residences and public buildings. Many of the streets are lined with rows of beautiful trees on each side, and it is nice to take afternoon drives through the shaded streets in hot weather. A great many improvements have been made in this city. When any of the deaf-mutes from other places come here they find Worcester a very pleasant place, and wish they could come and live here. The number of routes will, I hope, grow larger when business is better and times are more prosperous. Worcester has a nice free public library, which contains a great many books, which those who have nothing to do can enjoy reading in the library room. It is a great deal better for young men to spend their evenings at the library, reading books and newspapers, than to loaf on the streets. Samuel Green, Esq., of this city, is librarian, and went to Europe a few weeks ago but I don't know when he is coming back. I presume he is having a very nice time in the "old world." I should like to speak a few words on "Temperance." I am very, very sorry to know that many of the mutes are regular drunkards, or moderate drinkers; and wish they would quit drinking. I am sure rum is poisonous and is of no use. Should they try to learn a lesson of temperance they would feel better and happier. Rum can weaken one's mind, and can deprive him of his health, health, happiness and usefulness. Every deaf-mute should try to think studiously of temperance, which will be of much benefit to them. One cannot enjoy intemperance as well as temperance. If a deaf-mute man thinks that rum would do him any good, why does he think so? If he likes to drink rum, does he like to fall into the mud and make his face look dirty? If he does not like to fall into it, he had better give up the desire for drinking and clothe himself with perfect temperance. Many shorten their days by drinking liquor. A great many men lose much money by intemperance, which troubles and frightens their poor wives and children. It is, in fact, an unpleasant sight. It cannot make a home look happier and more cheerful. How can one stop drinking rum? By fighting against the appetite for it until he conquers the thirst for liquor. To live a temperate life is the best way.

Long ago there lived in Connecticut a very rich man, and he had \$45,000 in his bank. He had a pleasant family and a pleasant home. His rooms were well-furnished with nice furniture and pretty pictures, and he was always temperate, and was very much respected by those who knew him; but he was tempted to try a glass of rum. Soon he felt thirsty, and took another glass, and so on, till he fell into great misery. All his money was squandered and he became bankrupt.

We have had two days' rain this week. This morning it is very beautiful but quite cool.

DAVID W. CARY.

INCIDENTS OF PROF. JOB TURNER'S MISSION WORK CONTINUED.

BOSTON, Oct. 4, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I have been resting here since last Saturday and am quite invigorated and refreshed, for which I owe many thanks to God. I cannot shut my mouth against saying how many kind favors he showed me during my unusually long mission work in Maine of about two months. O that time which presses me, would permit me to write you a fully detailed account of *His favors*. Right the Bible is, in saying that the Lord will provide. I have seen, with my eyes, the fulfillment of that promise in many instances.

On the afternoon of the 14th ult., I left Concord, and turned my face toward New York to officiate at St. Ann's Church on the 19th.

Stopping at Nashua, just before sunset, I went to see Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Wright who so kindly invited me to stop over night with them. We enjoyed a very good conversation, and family prayers. I do not know of anything interesting about Nashua, except that it is a very thriving town. On the beautiful morning of the 15th, I took the cars for Worcester and Norwich, and stopped about half an hour in the former place, at the end of which time, I wheeled off to Norwich. I very much regretted not to have the time to visit my deaf-mutes, except Mrs. D. B. Howe, who lives the nearest to the depot, and to whom I made a fifteen minutes' call.

About noon, I set my foot on Norwich soil for the first time, and put up at a very respectable hotel, the name of which has escaped my memory. I called on my old fellow pupil Mr. Henry Andrews, who took me to see his wife, my old classmate, whom I had not seen for many years. Her maiden name was Miss Lavina West of Lowell, Mass. I next went to see Mr. and Mrs. Lamb, but Mr. Lamb was out, which I regretted because I had not seen him for many years. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Charles A. Douglas of Melrose at his house. I saw the grave of a well-known Indian chief, named Uncas, who attempted to hide under a bed from his enemies; but they found him, dragged him from under the bed, and knocked out his brains with their tomahawks. I walked about town for a few hours, and found it beautifully situated at the head of navigation on the Thames River. It is a beautiful city, built on a steep acclivity, rising in terraces street above street, presenting a delightful appearance as approached by the river. The Thames is one of the prettiest streams of which I ever know. An English gentleman, who

had traveled over all parts of the world, once said that the Thames was prettier than the Rhine in Germany. I was told that it had been called the Rose of America. I had the pleasure of calling on Mr. Alphonso M. Morris and Mr. Freddie Walker in the *Aurora* office for a few minutes. I was glad to find both doing well in their vocations. I regretted to have to deny myself of staying long, as my time would not permit. I started very late in the night for New York via New London.

While we were passing New London, I thought with great sadness, of my old classmate, Mr. Thomas S. Parker, whose death was caused by a pitchfork piercing one of his feet while he was making hay. He was a very promising mute. He told me that his grand-father was Gov. Wolcott, of Connecticut, if I mistake not.

On the morning of the 16th I landed at New York. My object in going there was to meet one of my sons from Virginia; but I was doomed to disappointment at learning that he did not feel strong enough to travel any farther north than Lynchburg, Va., and was, therefore, obliged to return to the place where he had been stopping several weeks.

On Sunday, the 19th, I officiated in St. Ann's Church. On the following morning I went to the New York Deaf-mute Institution, where I received a warm welcome from Dr. Porter, the superintendent, and where I passed a very pleasant night with Dr. Peet, the principal. Business compelled me to see him.

On the night of the 23d, I found myself on board the splendid steamer Bristol, and was at the Marblehead deaf-mute picnic the next day. We had a very beautiful day. I need not say more of the picnic, as it has already been published in the *Deaf-Mute Journal*. Mrs. W. B. Sweet entertained me with the cordiality of a true Christian.

BACK TO NEW YORK AGAIN.

On the afternoon of the 25th, I reached New York again, where I held a service the next day.

On the following morning I made a visit to the New York Deaf-mute Institution, where I spent the day pleasantly. There I had a nice time walking about Central Park with my old friend, Mr. Gamage.

On the morning of the 28th, I packed my valise to take a trip to Elmira, where we had a very pleasant session at the deaf-mute convention. The country through which we passed from New York to Elmira, reminded me of my old home, Virginia. Nothing pleased me more than the yellow wheat fields.

We all went to Watkins' Glen, with the scenery of which we were much charmed. If I were to give a detailed account of the Glen, I should have to write six or seven pages. It is worth seeing. From the highest hill we could see Seneca Lake, resembling a sea, forty miles long. At the head of the Lake is Geneva. Miss Roe, who wore so striking a resemblance to one of my lady pupils in Virginia was the most active adventuress of the party.

After the adjournment of the convention, I stopped over at Owego for a few hours to see my old classmate, Mrs. Rebecca Lucas, formerly of Vermont. I recognized her at sight, though I had not seen her for many years. She was once Miss Rebecca Eastman, of Bath, N. H. Owego is very pretty, surrounded by hills, and reminded me of a Virginia village. Very late the same night, I took the first train for New York.

The afternoon of Sunday, Sept. 2d, found me making a few remarks at St. Ann's Church.

The morning of the 4th found me seated at the Diocesan convention in Portland, Me., where I gave the Bishop a written report of my work in Maine and he read it to the meeting. He spoke encouragingly of the work.

On Thursday, Sept. 9th, I had the pleasure of officiating three times before the deaf-mutes in Saco, Maine. There were seventeen deaf and dumb persons present at my services. During my stay in Saco, I walked about twelve miles to notify country deaf-mutes. I visited Gorham, Me., and found Mr. and Mrs. Patterson Ferry. They have a nice house of their own. Mr. Ferry tends two or three boilers in a great tannery. He told me that he found no difficulty in tending the boilers. I was much pleased to find him and his wife pleasantly situated, in a pretty village of about 4,000, surrounded by a fine country.

On Tuesday, Sept. 11th, I went to Gray, where my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, gave me a warm welcome. I spent the night under their hospitable roof.

On Wednesday, Sept. 12th, Mr. Hunt and myself went to Danville, Me., in a private conveyance, to make a short visit to Mr. Henry F. Hicks, a graduate of the American Asylum. After dinner I parted with Messrs. Hunt and Hicks, and took the cars for Lewiston, Me., where I found good quarters at Rev. Mr. Washburn's. He and I conducted services in his church the next night. There were several deaf-mutes at our meeting. Their names were Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell, Mr. Augustus Wood, Miss Emma Proctor, and Miss Cordelia Briggs, all graduates of the American Asylum. I could not find time to notify some other mutes living in the vicinity.

On the afternoon of the 13th, I found myself in Waterville, where I staid only four hours. There I found a little deaf-mute girl, who has since gone to Hartford. I tried hard to look for new pupils for Mr. Stone, principal of the Asylum. I feel happy when I think I have found him a number of new pupils.

At midnight I stopped at Augusta, Me., till morning. I met with a Christ-

ian welcome from Rev. Samuel Upjohn. He told me that he knew of but one mute. I told him I feared he was mistaken. Afterwards I walked miles around this place all day for two days to find deaf-mutes. I succeeded in finding about ten. There was a very good audience that participated in the services with us. It was a success.

The next day, I put on my old traveling duster, (almost worn out), and started for Bath, which place I reached at sunset. Rev. Mr. Gregson gave me a very nice home, which I enjoyed. We, next next day, looked for deaf-mutes and found but one. We conducted services in his church for the benefit of the mutes. I always take pleasure in talking about God to one mute, as well as a large number. Christ gives the parables of the lost sheep and lost money. There is always more "joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance."

AT WISCASSETT.

On the morning of Sept. 20th, I paid this place a very short visit, which did me much good. Then I went direct to Damariscotta, where Dr. Dixon and his pleasant family received me very cordially. There I met a deaf-mute gentleman named George E. Fisher. He does jobs in the *Record and Herald* office. He is a very smart deaf-mute.

The next morning, Sept. 21, I took my fast wings for Thomaston, to see if there were any deaf-mutes there, and I was told there were four or five. I called on one of them by the name of Mrs. Woodcock. She showed her generosity by giving me a lunch.

After a stay of but one hour, I started to walk four miles to Rockland. After I had walked one-third of the distance, a gentleman overtook and gave me a nice ride which I enjoyed after a hard walk. I found a deaf-mute named Albert O. Bowler in Rockland, and he showed much kindness. He and I took a ride almost nine miles, to Camden, late in the afternoon, to see Mr. Benjamin H. B. Alden to invite him to attend my service at Damariscotta on the 23d. He said he would most gladly do so, but he regretted to have to deny himself that pleasure, because there would be a country fair the next Monday. I found him a true gentleman. We returned to Rockland before midnight. I took the cars for Waldoboro to stop over a few hours, of which I took advantage to find deaf-mutes, and I was informed that there were several in the surrounding country, to whom I had word sent. I did not have time to go and see them, as they lived from four to five miles distant, and I was then too much exhausted. I went to Damariscotta, where I had a good service the next day.

There I closed my mission work till the latter part of November. My many hearty thanks are due to God for having prospered my work in Maine.

Yours sincerely,

JOE TURNER.

CIVILITY AND GOOD MANNERS.

It is more important than we are apt to think, to accustom ourselves to preserve at all times that attitude which decency and propriety demands.

As a general rule, when standing we should neither stoop nor hang our heads affectedly, nor yet hold them up with an air of pride. Washould avoid also leaning against the wall or carelessly stretching our limbs. When seated we should neither lean back against our chair, nor roll, stoop forward, or cross our feet.

People often stand when others are seated, and remain in their chair when the rest of the company are standing. They should not do so. We should be always present before we are heard, and endeavor to make as little noise as possible in walking in, and in opening and closing the door. It would be sensible to avoid boisterous laughter at all times, and not be the first to laugh at our own remarks. Do not attempt to take the lead in conversation. It would be better to be silent than talk to the detriment of another. It is improper to address a friend in language not understood by those present, or in terms which are intended to conceal our thoughts from them; still more improper to speak in a low tone, or in a whisper, to any individual in the company. We should not repeat the name of the person to whom we are speaking. In addressing any one, look at him not boldly or fully in the face, but let your eyes rest upon the lower part of the person's face. If there are several persons present we ought to direct some portion of our sentiments to each in turn. To fix the eye with a bold stare, is impolite in the extreme. To look over any one's shoulder when occupied in reading or writing is also impolite. To wink, or give a look of intelligence to another, in company, is also contrary to both modesty and politeness. We should not speak too fast nor too slow, but be moderate, and speak in a clear distinct manner.

I dare say many have read or heard of Dean Swift, and it would not be unimportant here to narrate an anecdote relative to him: One day a friend of Dean Swift sent him a turbot as a present, by a servant who had never received the least trifling mark of the Dean's generosity. Having gained admission, he opened the door of the study, and abruptly putting down the fish, cried out very rudely, "master has sent you a turbot!" "Young man," said the Dean rising from his chair, "is that the way you deliver your message? Let me teach you better manners; sit down in my chair. We will change situations and I will show you how to behave in future." The boy sat down and the Dean going to the door, came

up to the table with a respectful face, and making a low bow, said: "Sir my master presents his kind compliments, hopes you are well, and requests your acceptance of a small present." "Does he?" replied the boy, "return him my best thanks and here is half a crown for yourself." The Dean was thus drawn into an act of generosity, laughed heartily, and gave the boy half a crown for his wit. C. W. BUTT.

Mrs. Fanny Spotts Peters trying to find her quondam husband.

MORGANTOWN, Pa., Oct. 7, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I would like to have my marriage published in New York. My husband promised me the day we parted in September last year, that he would go and get a home for us, and promised all he would write me when he got a situation. Now since his absence he never writes to me, nor to his aged parents. He ordered me to keep our marriage secret till he got work, but he gave me trouble enough, and I have to publish our marriage, from his neglecting to write. I was out visiting his parents two weeks in Mainsburg, Tioga Co., and just came home this week. They are worrying about his long absence without writing to us. Will you please publish it? And he may see it and have some feeling for me or his aged parents and come home. His friends said they often saw him in Elmira, N. Y., this year, and he denied that he was ever married. The following is a copy of our marriage: At the rectory, Williamsport, Pa., July 31, 1876, by Rev. William Paret, Mr. George Charles Pandler Peters and Miss Fanny Spotts.

If he don't come or write till another year I will try and get a divorce. FANNY SPOTTS PETERS.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—We learn from the newspapers that the emigrants are coming from California to Oregon, and that one of the most suggestive sights in the world, is the spectacle of a Californian, who has not before seen rain enough for a year to lay the dust, standing out in an Oregon rain with his hat off and enjoying it as aquatic fowls do a summer shower. Oregon has been sneered at as the rainy country by Californians; but they are not now sneering. They are now hunting a country where it rains enough, and prefer the verdure of Oregon to the blight and desolation of California. It is understood that immense numbers, in California, are preparing to move as rapidly as they can. They will come to our State.

A great many are coming overland by wagons. Every steamer is loaded to its capacity, by people who are seeking a country where crops never perish of drought. To them, exaggerated reports of Oregon rains, are no longer a terror. Our climate they find is preferable to drouth, deserts and starvation.

Some new steamers are now in construction, which, when completed, will be placed on the San Francisco and Portland route. At present the opposition steamers will pass persons traveling between California and Oregon at \$5.00 for cabin and \$2.50 for storage passage. It should be known to your readers, that the Oregon Steamship Co. is now being organized on its iron steamship now being built at Chester, Pennsylvania, by John Roach & Son, upon her completion on or about the 15th, of January, 1878, steamer passengers from New York to Portland, Oregon, direct, via the straits of Magellan, at the extremely low rate of \$75.00 currency, board included.

One of the investigating committee, Senator Morton, was at Salem, Oregon, on the 27th, of July last, where he delivered an interesting address. Aside from politics, Morton's speech was very good. Here is what he had to say in regard to our State:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It was not until a late hour last night that I determined to come to Salem, with a view to see the city and perhaps of making a short address to you. I came to Oregon on a mission of a somewhat disagreeable character: That duty has been discharged so far as it can be performed in this State. Of the character of it and the result of it, it would not be proper for me, at this time, to say anything, nor do I intend to. I desire to express the surprise and gratification I have received from my visit to Oregon and Washington Territory. It has been to me something of the nature of a revelation. I need not mention the general idea entertained in the Eastern States, and might say in Congress, in regard to Oregon. I may say that the general impression is that Oregon has but a small amount of territory or area susceptible of cultivation; that it is composed of almost inexhaustible forests, out of which they could with difficulty make farms, or of rugged precipitous mountains or broad alkaline plains. It is not generally understood that there is a large part of this State susceptible of cultivation, fruitful to a high degree, and that there are great natural resources. I have been surprised at what I have seen, at what I have heard. I have seen some portions of your State exceedingly fruitful and productive. I also saw that there were large areas susceptible of cultivation, and I believe that you have a future of one of the greatest States in the Union. You are already connected by rail with Puget Sound, the most beautiful sheet of water I have ever seen, and I believe the most beautiful in the world: The wild river scenery of the Columbia is unrivalled in this country. I never have been down the Rhine, but I do not think from the descriptions I have read it will compare with the Columbia river. [Applause.] And you have already a large system of

interior river commerce. When the obstructions of the Snake river and the Columbia have been removed, you will have a large system of river commerce. The great thing you now need, which you understand perfectly, is railroad communication with the East. Direct railroad connection across the continent, making your State easy of access, would bring a rush of population, and, I believe, an accumulation of wealth unsurpassed, and only equalled, perhaps, by that of California. This connection will come; that railroad will be built. I have no doubt of it. It may be deferred, however, for years, until your hearts grow sick; perhaps until many of you have passed away; but I think it is sure to come, and in time, these great improvements will be made. I have been astonished to learn the character of the country beyond the Snake river, and of the Eastern part of Washington Territory and of Oregon. There is a vast region of productive country there which, when brought into cultivation, will make homes for millions, and can almost feed the world. I have seen such wheat fields in the valley of Walla Walla as I have never before seen, and I am told you have in Oregon what is quite equal to the valley of the Walla Walla. There is, I feel, a great future before you. What Oregon needs is to be well advertised; that is to say, to have her resources and character made known to the people of the United States. You are far away in the northwest corner of the Union. It is a long journey to come here, and it is one that ordinarily strikes the imagination of people with dread. Those who came across the plains in earlier or later years were men of uncommon resolution, willing to undergo all kinds of hardships and able to surmount all kinds of difficulties. But such men are rare. The great mass of the people are not willing to encounter these hardships. They do not see the inducements to make such long journeys, to endure such great difficulties. But when the character of the country is known, and when communication is made cheap and easy, and it requires but a few days from the Missouri to the Columbia, then you will have a sudden great influx of wealth and growth as rapid as that of your sister, California. You require her railroads, and that the people of the older States shall understand what you have here.

In regard to the mutes of Oregon, I must mention the names of arrivals from the Eastern States. Prof. Louis C. Fick, of Baltimore, who graduated from the National Deaf-Mute College, arrived at the school term. On the 31st of July last he left Maryland in company with his speaking wife for California, on a visit to their relatives. They sailed from New York, instead of the railroad route, on account of the strikes. Prof. Fick is, I believe, competent to do his teaching, assisted by his wife. They expressed themselves as much pleased with Oregon, and here they will make their permanent home. All of those who are connected with the deaf-mute school, like them.

Mr. Lafayette Hollenbeck, of the Indiana Institution, came here a few weeks ago. He is a farmer by occupation, and he will do better here than in the East. He is not married. It is understood that he came by overland on foot from California for that reason, and he could not get employment in that State. He seemed much delighted with this young State.

Mr. Scott, of Ohio, came to Portland, Oregon, last spring. He is a printer by trade, and is now employed at the *Daily Bee* office. He was educated at the Ohio Institution, and married a deaf-mute lady. They will, I presume, make their future permanent home in Oregon.

Two or three deaf-mutes came from California in company with their parents, to make their homes in Oregon, and now they attend the Oregon Deaf-mute School. They have been at the California Institution in the past, and they will not feel lonesome.

If there is an increase in numbers, I will keep your readers informed. I must close this letter, lest I weary your readers.

Salem, Oregon, Oct. 3d, 1877.

YAKOBE.

TWO DEAF-MUTE CHILDREN INTERESTED IN A \$50,000 BEQUEST.

A RATHER KNOTTY CASE.

The protracted litigation of Constance B. Price was before the Supreme Court, General Term, on an appeal by her against the refusal of the court below to give her one of her children. Mrs. Price was the third wife of Walter W. Price, the brewer. As the first Mrs. Price was still living, both his other marriages were annulled, but the two children of Constance B. Price were declared legitimate. By his will, Walter W. Price made his brothers and sisters the guardians of one of these children, Lillie M. Price, and left the child \$50,000, to be given to her when she should be of age. If she should die before that time, the money was to go to her guardians. Both the petitioner's children are deaf mutes. Lillie M. Price has been placed in the care of Morcy Varson, to whom the writ of habeas corpus was directed. She declared that the mother's personal habits rendered her an unfit guardian for the child, but the case was decided on a different ground—that another similar but anterior proceeding was pending before Judge Potter, in the Fourth Judicial District. The appeal was from this decision. Roger A. Pryor, urging that the writ of habeas corpus was wholly distinct from any other proceeding, and required the judge before whom it was brought to con-

sider the merit of the proceeding without regard to any action of any other judge. Sheldon and Brown argued that the merits as well as the pendency of another proceeding warranted the refusal to interfere with the present custody of the child. The court reserved its decision.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 15th, 1877.

There is probably no city in this country, that for whose beauty and symmetry can more successfully claim the title, "The Axis of America," than Washington. Her broad avenues and tasteful parts are becoming beautifully shaded and improved, and there is no time in the year, when one may enjoy the city, than in October just as autumn begins to wrest the power from summer. But with all her beauty, Washington is a city of "shallow habitation." Her inhabitants are ever moving and restless, and each winter brings with it a new set of people, who like a snow flake on the river "are seen for a moment, then gone forever." This fact gives Washington society a cosmopolitan tinge, and it is not an unrequited occurrence to find at any public gathering representatives not only of every foreign country but almost every State. Just at this time our city is the Mecca towards which all the politicians and lobbyists are journeying. The latter whose name is legion are here in full force, and are always attracting attention by their gravity of manner, intense enthusiasm and flashy attire. The forty-fifth Congress of the United States convenes this noon. Although the session is an extra one it will probably be merged into the regular one, with a trifle longer recess than usual during the holidays. Saturday morning the Democrats held their Caucus and on the first ballot elected Randall for speaker, by 197 votes against 23 for Goode, of Virginia and 12 for Taylor, of Ohio. Mr. Alex. H. Stevens nominated Mr. Randall, and in a brief speech referred in a very complimentary manner to Mr. Randall's record as a public man.

Mr. Adams was re-elected clerk. Mr. John G. Thompson, sergeant-at-arms. Mr. J. W. Polk, of Mo., door-keeper and Mr. Jas. Stewart, of Penn., postmaster. The caucus was an unusually quiet one and Randall's strength was so assured that opposition was useless. His nomination was afterwards made unanimous. At 9 A. M. this morning, the Republicans held their caucus, and nominated Mr. Garfield for speaker, to receive the complimentary vote of the Republican minority. The President's message will be read before the House this afternoon. It is shorter than usual and has reference particularly to the appropriations. Thirty millions will be asked for the Army, two millions for the Navy, two hundred and sixty thousand for the department of Justice, six hundred thousand for the Post-office, and various small amounts for the other branches of the public service. The committees are to be announced in a few days. Rumor places Mr. Wood at the head of the ways and means and Mr. Cox chairman of appropriations.

In the Senate, as it is really a perpetual body, the organization is seldom changed. Vice Pres. Wheeler will preside. But one death has occurred during the recess—that of Senator Bogg. His place will be filled by Mr. Armstrong. There is a rumor about him well credited—that several Republican senators intend to interpose decided opposition to the general policy of the President, and that idea will be immediately acted upon. The most prominent names to be sent to the Senate at once by the President, for confirmation will be those of John M. Harlan, of Ky., to be Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Collector Arthur of N. Y., to be minister to Belgium.

The Customs Department remains agitated over the sugar question and they do not know how to stop the fraud going on in New York and Philadelphia, where the duties from sugar alone amount to \$33,000,000 annually. For several years the Government has been losing millions of dollars in consequence of a chemical process which gives the finer sugars the appearance and color of the common grades. By using this process manufacturers reduce the duties about 30 per cent., as the duty varies in proportion to the grade. The solicitor of the Treasury has just made a ruling that it is fraudulent, and illegal, to make or distribute any advertisements that have the appearance or form of money or Government Bonds. This puts a quietus on the enterprise of a good many patent medicine men.

At the last Cabinet meeting it was decided to urge upon Congress and manufacturers the acceptance of the French Government to be represented in their Exposition in 1878. The committee appointed to examine the Government building, report that they are all now fire-proof, except the new State department and the Coast Survey buildings. This will necessitate Congress to take some immediate action in regard to the protection of the public papers, for the country cannot afford to stand many more losses, like that of the Patent Office. Washington had a sensation the latter part of last week, that for a short time rivaled the speakership race, in point of interest. Judge Wright, formerly commissioner of Indian affairs, settled a small vendetta with Hon. C. Delano, Secretary of the Interior. The Judge went on his way rejoicing after laying Mr. Delano on the sidewalk, and over since as been relating how he thrashed the old rascal, as he terms it. The difficulty grew out of some Indian business that was transacted over five years ago. But of the doings of Congress and society more anon. FAX.

